

# Home Mission Echoes

"The Country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second class mail matter, Jan. 9, 1877.

Vol. VIII

OCTOBER, 1905

No. 10

## Why America?

Why should we lay stress upon the work of preaching the gospel in America? Because America's influence, financially; industrially, commercially and politically dominates the world. It is of the highest importance that this influence should be Christian in character and in its effect. The salvation of heathen nations, with all that that means of civilization, moral elevation and ultimate destiny, depends, more than upon all else, upon America. The means and the men for time to come must be furnished by America, for the fields around the world. America is better fitted than any other nation to the work of extending Christianity. It is a Christian nation. There is no state religion. The spirit of liberty rules in religion as in the state. Here the church being is brought into the oneness prayed for by the Master. Here is almost immeasurable wealth. Here are great and increasing organizations for evangelizing the peoples of the earth. The commercial spirit of America is busy "creating newer and higher wants." "Commerce follows the missionary," says Josiah Strong, and it might be added Christianity gains momentum with the progress of commerce. The peoples of the earth are gathering here. Their education in liberty, in the moral and spiritual atmosphere in America, must inevitably teach their kindred in the home land. The plans of God working out through modern events, seem to indicate that God has set America in the midst of the nations for the winning of the world to Himself.

510 Tremont Temple  
Boston

## Topics for 1905.

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## HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the General Editor, and Mrs. J. McWhinnie, Assistant Editor. Rev. Howard B. Gross has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People." All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple.

Note the remarkably low terms: Subscription price per year, twenty-five cents. Five copies and upwards to one address yearly, twenty cents each.

Pastors, Sunday School Superintendents and all friends of Home Missions are invited to promote the circulation of the paper.

HOME MISSION ECHOES will be sent to all subscribers until ordered to be discontinued, when all arrears must be paid.

All moneys and letters pertaining to subscriptions should be sent to Gertrude L. Davis, Business Manager of HOME MISSION ECHOES, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

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## Items

THE years work will soon be upon us, after the rest of the summer. In reality the fiscal year is half over. We shall need earnest work to raise the needed \$50,000, before April 1, 1906. The demands were never so urgent. Those lines of work open before each Circle, viz: "To educate the interested; to enlist the active sympathies of the indifferent and to argue the opponents of missions." Our Society will be a success or a failure in proportion to the active interest of the individual member of each Circle.

WILL our teachers and missionaries, who need barrels, send at once to the Corresponding Secretary giving a list of articles most needed. If Christmas gifts are desired tell if for girls or for boys and the number of each. Our Circles must remember that it takes six weeks to get supplies to their destination if sent by freight.

PLEASE look at the date on the pink slip of this issue, it indicates the time to which your subscription is paid. The mailing list shows subscriptions advanced to 1906. If you will see that yours is dated January 1906 when the

ECHOES' books close December 31, 1905, it will enable us to begin the work of the new year with all arrears paid.

AT ADA, I. T., the other day, Judge J. T. Dickerson discovered that the guardians of an Indian boy of ten and girl of six had executed five-year leases of 400 acres of good land belonging to the two wards at \$100 a year. "I have no language in which to express my feelings in a case of this kind," said his honor. "To have great big men, standing six feet, and seemingly possessed of all the qualifications of men, stand up before me and with a solemn countenance that would do credit to a minister of the gospel ask me to approve of such a lease, while this little boy is playing at the cross-roads with his marbles and his wooden horse, and this little black-haired six-year-old Indian girl with her doll! Men, guardians, shamefully dickering and trafficking in the estates of these two children!"

A FINE young Indian has recently said: "All I can boast of now is that I can plow a straight furrow behind a pair of mules. If my straight furrows and harvest crops lead an uneducated, unchristian Indian to a better life, I would be happy."

# Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever."—TENNYSON.

Vol. VIII.

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ANY will learn of the death of Miss Jane Anna Granderson, which occurred at Atlanta, Ga., August 5, 1905, with genuine sorrow. For three years she visited the Association and churches of New England, and by her gentle, quiet dignity and true Christian culture won all hearts.

Miss Granderson had a unique history. Her mother's people were always free, her grandfather being deacon of the church when white and black worshipped together, and after the church was divided, he became pastor of the negro branch. Both he and his daughter were deeply imbued with the missionary spirit which he bequeathed to his granddaughter. On her father's side the slaves were practically free, being allowed to earn their freedom and get an education. Jane Anna attended the public schools of her native city, Natchez, Miss., until she entered Natchez College where she finished the Academic department at sixteen. She had a great desire to enter Spelman Seminary, but her limited means forbade it. At last her brother told her if she would earn her clothes he would supply funds for the rest. Joyfully she accepted his proposition, and securing a school, she soon obtained the coveted clothes.

She entered Spelman Seminary in the Autumn of 1891. Miss E. O. Werden, one of the devoted teachers of the school, to whom we are indebted for the facts concerning Miss Granderson's history, writes of those early days. "How well I remember her beaming face, and her words expressing her exceeding joy on being there and her strong determination to work for the Master." She finished the Academic Course in 1895, the College Preparatory in 1897, the College, taking her A. B. in 1901, and the Teacher's Professional (corresponding to our Normal Schools) in 1902. She then became a member of Spelman Faculty, teaching for the last three years.

She was offered the position of State Missionary for Georgia, as a successor to the beloved Mrs. De La Motte, who passed away from earth two years ago. So many doors of service were opened to Miss Granderson during the last few months of her life, that she spent many prayerful hours

seeking divine guidance in the endeavor to find where the Lord wanted her to give her time and service.

She seemed the picture of health and joy, with promises of long years of usefulness. In her home in Mississippi she was attacked by malarial fever during her vacation. Hoping to regain her health she returned to Natchez, but the hope was vain. In less than a week the light of life went out. She was ready to meet the Master. There will be many stars in her crown, for from the beginning of her Christian life she has been a soul winner. Miss Werden writes, "She sleeps with the silent ones in the Spelman ground at South View Cemetery.

As we turned away and left her there, a beautiful rainbow was seen to hang over the spot—God's bow of promise. So shall we think of her. She was the promise of the true womanhood of the race. We should not sorrow! To the work! It must be carried on until her life story is no longer an exceptional one, but an oft told tale."



MRS. J. A. GRANDERSON

## Entire Surrender.



REMEMBER in my boyhood days to have heard a minister give an illustration of this thought of entire surrender to

God, and he told the story of an Indian that fastened itself upon my memory. The Indian heard the story of God's love for him in giving the Saviour to die for him and that he must give all that he had to God.

This Indian made an altar and then began to lay upon that altar different things that he possessed. The first was his tomahawk. "Here, Lord," he said, "take poor Indian's tomahawk." There was no answer of peace in his heart. Then he laid upon the altar his bow and arrows. "Here, Lord, take poor Indian's bow and arrows." Still there was no response. Then his blanket and tent equipments were all laid upon this altar, and yet no response came. And then, in great perplexity, he stood at the foot of the pile, he said, and prayed and, chambering upon the top of the pile, he said, "Here, Lord, take poor Indian," and a strange, sweet peace stole into the poor Indian's heart. He had at last yielded himself to God.—Exchange.

## The Indians.

## The Murrow Indians Orphan's Home



AS incorporated in 1902, and acquired by purchase the property in Atoka formerly known as the Atoka Baptist Academy. It has since secured by donation and purchase, a tract of over fifteen hundred acres of land for future use as a home for orphan children of Indians of any tribe in the United States. Some of this land is rough and can never be used except for pasture, but much of it is excellent grazing and farm land. An orchard and small nursery were planted last spring and a good deal of clearing, breaking and cross fencing done in order to put things in good condition for a good crop next year. Our boys and girls have shown a great interest in helping with the work as opportunity afforded. We are greatly in need of buildings in order to move our entire school family onto the farm in the near future. What a grand opportunity for doing good!

We have school property in Atoka that ought to sell for enough to secure a part of the buildings needed.

Our printing department has been a very valuable part of our work. Several of our pupils have shown great interest in this and have rapidly acquired a good degree of skill. The printing outfit was a gift from a good friend in Westboro, Mass.

Our Hospital is a very modest affair, but it has been a great help and comfort to the sick and injured. Good Auntie Ringold has given her services in this department without salary; and it has been a service that cannot be reckoned in cash. The Master will richly reward her for her labor of love. During the school year twenty-one of our pupils professed conversion.

The prospect for the ensuing year is bright. School will open Sept. 4 and great anxiety has been shown on the part of pupils and friends to be ready for the first day's work. We need money for buildings—barrels—and loving sympathetic interest of all Christians.

E. H. RUSSELL.

September, 1905.

## BRUSHY MOUNTAIN, I. T.

WHEN we left home July 5th for our vacation at this place, the work was in good shape. The Sunday before we started Mr. Hicks had meeting at the new Mission and instructed the people and interpreters to keep the meets going in his absence. We have received several letters from the interpreters bringing good reports from the work and regular meetings. The same day I had meeting with our Elk Creek people. The house was full and we had a good meeting. Before the morning service Deacon Lone Wolf came to the door and told me his heart was very happy, and he would do all he could to help me with the meeting. That Big Tree from the Rainy Mountain Mission was present and would do anything he could to help with the meeting, also that Daw-to-by from Saddle Mountain Mission would do anything he could to make it a good day. But most of all they wanted to hear words from the Bible. I assured him, they should hear a lesson from Jesus' book. We have received three letters from Elk Creek saying they are having regular meetings and that all the Kiowas attend and they are having good meetings. They are having the midweek meetings also.

The organization of a new church. Pawdlety was baptized into the membership of Rainy Mountain Church in 1895. He

used to be "very crazy" as he sometimes says, when telling of his heathen life. He did not impress the church very favorably when he was received. But his life has proved since that he is a thorough Christian, consecrated and zealous for his Lord's cause.

Soon after his conversion he went to work in his neighborhood for Jesus. Being the only convert—no one in sympathy with him for a good while—rather against him, he was not discouraged, the Lord heard his prayers and blessed his labors, his near relatives believed, his neighbors, then others and others, the work all the while enlarging until it became necessary to organize a church and build a chapel. The church was organized June 10th with thirty-eight members. Ten new members have since been received by baptism, others will come soon. The chapel was completed in July 1905, costing \$775 all paid up, being raised mainly by Rainy Mountain, Elk Creek and Saddle Mountain Churches, and the people living in the vicinity of the new church.

It is in a good field and will eventually become a strong body. Pawdlety was made deacon of the church and is very much in earnest in exhorting the members to steadfastness and warning the unconverted of the danger of living in sin. A good organ is needed at this place.

Mr. Hicks is the pastor, and alternates between the new Mission (Red Stone) Church and Elk Creek Church.

Pray for the work and workers among the Indians.

MRS. G. W. HICKS.

August, 1905.

## WICHITA MISSION, ANADARKO, O. T.



WE have had the privilege of laboring among this people for the past nine months. We feel that we are becoming better acquainted with them and they with us.

As we go into their homes we are received in a most friendly way and they listen attentively as we talk to them of Jesus and His love.

There are some who we feel are near the Kingdom and O, how our hearts yearn to see them walking in the Jesus Road.

The Ghost dancing Indians do all they can to keep their people from hearing the Gospel.

On Sunday of our camp-meeting in July they kept many from the services by making it a day for giving gifts to the Pawnee Indians who were visiting them. Was glad to see that none of our Christian Indians was led away from the services.

Some of the members of the little church here, have been Christians for many years and are now growing old in the Master's service. They are all faithful about attending all the church services.

We find it very hard to get a good interpreter, one whom we can depend upon. It makes us long for the time to come when we can speak the language.

We are giving part of our time to the Caddo Indian work. Their nearest camp is twelve miles away. They all live in houses and are more industrious than the Wichita's.

We have found several who were converted while attending school here at the mission, a number of years ago and one or two claim to be walking in the Jesus Road still.

May God bless His work among the Wichita's and Caddo's.

August, 1905

MRS. W. A. WILKIN.



## TWO GRAY HILLS MISSION,

OUR work has kept up at high tide all summer. We had services each Sunday with one exception, which was caused by interpreter going to Gallup for medicine for Mrs. Wright.

The Indians have never shown more interest in the gospel. The generous rains have changed our burning desert into green pastures dotted with wild flowers. Corn and mellons are abundant; the Indians are happy and they say that God has given them this blessing. They say it is good for the missionaries to pray, but we tell them they must pray for themselves. Ten Indians have said lately that they wanted to learn about Jesus. They are not Christians yet, but are seeking the Light. They will come in God's good time.

Our industrial work has been the means of drawing many to the Mission. The corn mill will soon be very popular. The shoe mending outfit is called for often. The sewing machines are used many times during the week. Quilt squares are in great demand and many quilts will soon be brought to be finished on the frames; many quilts are in use now. We hope to increase our industrial work along different lines when we are at our new location.

Hostem McCarthy is ready to give us plenty of land for the new location with water, which can be used, by the use of a wind mill, for irrigation purposes. We are anxious to make the move when we can do better work and have a day school.

Mrs. Wright has been having a serious time this summer. July 6 she was taken suddenly sick with inflammation of stomach and bowels. The government doctor made two trips (40 miles) to see her. She is feeling a little better now but is not well; she is still living on liquid food. We hope that she will improve as the cool weather comes on.

This is a part summary of our work:

—Calls made 185, calls from Indians 2,063, food given to 823, clothing to 107, medicine to \$48, Indians made 50 garments on machines, services 16, average attendance 40, miles traveled with team 688. Pray for us that we may be steadfast.

R. B. WRIGHT.

CROZIER, N. M., Aug. 28, 1905.

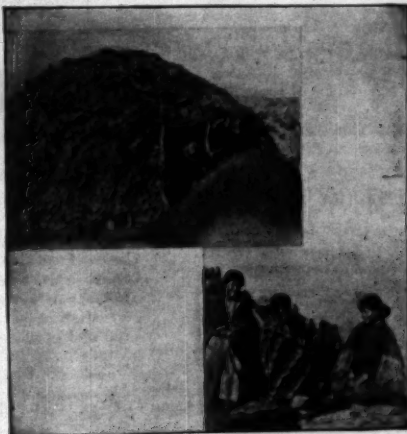
## BACONE, INDIAN TERRITORY.

NOW that the school year is over and it is possible to review the work as a whole, perhaps you would like to know something more of the work than it was possible for me to tell you earlier in the year. The year has been very satisfactory and encouraging in the work done.

There were seven graduates from the Academic Department this year. One of the seven was a Choctaw girl from Atoka, Mary Homer. Her oration was upon the Indian, and she made a very strong appeal in their behalf and especially that they be educated with the white people. Considering the natural inclination of the Indian to separate from all but his

own race, it is surprising to see how many of them realize the importance of being educated with the whites, and they are asking for this privilege. She realizes very keenly the difference between her own people and the whites who have had so much greater opportunities. I have spoken especially of her because she is an example of what an Indian girl may become, with a helpful and sympathetic environment.

You would have enjoyed being present at the last B. Y. P. U. and the last regular prayer meeting of the year. The B. Y. P. U. and the Junior union held a joint meeting. The Junior union was organized last year and it would hardly be possible to tell how great a blessing it has been to the younger boys and girls. They are naturally timid about taking any part in the general meetings, but in their own union they very soon feel free to talk or take any part they choose. Then by the time they are ready for membership in the B. Y. P. U. they make capable, active members.



NAVAJO INDIANS

not only an evidence of their ability to conduct and manage, but the great interest shown in the meetings is evidence of the depth and earnestness of their spiritual life.

Pray for our school.

L. E. JOHNSON.

JULY, 1905.

It certainly is a pathetic spectacle, that of the Indians who, recognizing their weakness under the temptation of liquor, plead with our government to protect their people from the curse. A recent delegation of six from Yankton reservation, S. D., now citizens, visited President Roosevelt to see if the laws on the statute books and the regulations of the Indian Bureau could not be enforced. They said: "Liquor is a bad thing for Indians, and we want to have the sale of it stopped. There ought to be Government detectives to prevent people from making the Indians drunk when they don't want to get drunk, but want to be sober and industrious." Similar cries are heard from many places, and yet, often stealthily, sometimes openly, the liquor sellers continue to ply their deadly traffic and are ruining many Indians. Government ought to enforce the liquor law and protect the Indians.



ARAPAHOE GIRLS AT SCHOOL AT DARLINGTON, O. T.

### Arapahoe Baptist Mission



We have just returned from another all-day service with the Arapahoes.

There were forty-four Indians present and it almost seems as though we could see them grow in grace.

Our two deacons, Hail and James Hutchinson, and their wives are developing so fast in their Christian lives. They come early and stay late and attend to the various needs of the occasion. The men invite the loiterers in and seat the bashful ones, keep the children from making a noise, call order, make various announcements, besides their more religious duties, such as visiting the sick, inviting people to church and leading in prayer and testimony. Their wives now do most of the cooking the Sunday dinner, arrange the table, wait on the meal, wash dishes, hold and care for the other women's crying babies, then they exhort the other more bashful women to speak for Jesus and are true helpers in every way.

About two weeks ago Minnie Loneman—the first Arapahoe woman baptized, gave birth to a little baby girl, and we have named her Mary Reynolds. She brought her to church to-day, all sweet and clean in white clothes with a little white shawl and pink quilt around her. They have not given her an Indian name yet.

Our Indians are now passing through many struggles but we hope and pray that they will come out victorious. One of our converts was tempted and played cards, but she repented and promised to try and do better. To-day Left Hand's old wife made fun of some of the Christian girls, but when they told me of it, I told them not to pay any attention and pray for the old woman that she might love Jesus. The old chief urges the Christians to keep on the Jesus road, and he says just as soon as God's spirit speaks to his heart he is going to come in the Jesus road.

Bird Chief made a good talk to-day and says he is trying to

stop using tobacco for he feels it is not right and he is praying Jesus to help him.

But I can hardly tell you all at this time. I wish you were here and could see the light in their heathen faces and the Christian love that shines forth for all. It surely is the blessed work in this world to be able to help these poor people into the Kingdom. Pray for us that we may have strength and wisdom for each new day and need.

Mrs. F. L. K.

Watonga, O. T., August, 1905.

### Indians Flocking to Christ

Says the *Missionary Outlook*: While much is being heard of the work of Messrs. Torrey and Alexander in England, and of the revival in Wales, few are aware that British Columbia is also experiencing a revival. Away up in the interior, along the banks of the Upper Skeena, a wave of religious fervor has touched the Indians, and a crusade against heathenism and drink is being waged. A correspondent writes that bands of converted Indians visit the villages and settlements of the tribes. They have their own "Glory Song," and march through the villages with the Bible in one hand, and their snowshoes in the other. So strong is the feeling and so powerful the revival that many are being converted to Christianity, and in six small villages alone, 316 Indians have taken the temperance pledge. This is the outcome of the work of Rev. W. H. Pierce, Methodist missionary to the Indians of the Upper Skeena, and apparently he is not alone in the effort, as our correspondent writes:

It is touching to see some one hundred converted Indians, men and women, on their knees in the snow praying to God to convert their friends. The revival started about six weeks ago, and is still going on. As a result, there are few Indians left in the district who have not voluntarily professed to accept Christianity, and it is hard to find more than one or two professed heathen Indians now in Hazelton, Kitaguch, Kigamsa, Kishpiax, and other nearby villages. When the missionary visited the villages on the Lower Skeena, sixty Indians from the Kishpiax church accompanied him, and aided in the revival work.

### How Indians are Robbed

OME experiences are dearly bought, and among the most so to the Indian are those he is going through in learning business principles, the value of money, and the folly of going into debt (to too ready and often insistent lenders) for all sorts of things in anticipation of approaching money payments by the Government. The following account from *The Indian School Journal* is but one instance:

Last month the Comanche Indians received their annuity payment of \$50 per capita at Fort Sill, O. T.

During this payment Col. Randlett, the Indian Agent, discovered one of the biggest grafts that has yet come to light. Poor Lo was actually being robbed of his money outright. The money sharks around Lawton had evidently conspired to get the Indians' money and had they not been discovered in the attempt they would have fleeced the Indians of almost every dollar.

In one case an Indian borrowed \$50 from a money lender in Lawton and this money lender tried to collect \$138 principal and interest. In another case an Indian had borrowed \$30; he was made to pay back \$55.

The Indians began to protest at such an exorbitant rate of interest and some one reported the matter to Col. Randlett. He immediately went after these money sharks rough shod, and refused to allow the Indians to pay more than the legal rate of interest on borrowed money. It is said that had not Col. Randlett interfered the Indians would all have come out in debt, as their payments would not have been sufficient to pay the interest even on the small loans they had borrowed.

Agents are authorized to prevent the collection of money on reservations by all persons other than licensed Indian traders, and to eject any persons whose presence may have a demoralizing influence upon the Indians. While the Indian police were patrolling the camp at night, after the payment made recently in the Rainy Mountain district, the discovery was made that the camp was infested with bank officials and others who had come to collect chattel mortgages on the horses, wagons and household goods of the Indians for money at usurious rates of interest, often in excess of 100 per cent. These persons had disguised themselves by adopting the garb of the uncivilized Indian. Their features were concealed by blankets and women's shawls. Several were hid in the tops of the Indians. All were arrested and ejected from the reservation except a bank president, who escaped.

### THE INDIAN

AN Indian who is making a success of his own life recently said, in speaking to a large body of Indian pupils, "We must not become discouraged about ourselves as to whether we can be civilized or not." That Indian has struck the keynote for his people's progress—the determination to succeed and the cultivation of the hopeful expectancy of success, which is half the battle. Indians have been discouraged, and they certainly have been often enough assured of the white man's lack of faith in the possibility of their being civilized to excuse them from disbelieving it.

In the old life the Indians were successful, according to their viewpoint. They were trained from childhood for their career, and bold and brave they were to meet it, and successful because they considered themselves the peers of any white man coming in with his ideas of life and his up-

heaval of all old conditions. It is not an easy thing for any people to give up all the customs of their ancestors, all their manners of self-support, all their own ideas of life and learn new ways under new conditions. The Indians have been discouraged—who can blame them?

A new day is dawning, however, and certainly a brighter day. Aids of many kinds have been given them by a generous government and generous people, and larger and larger numbers are learning to stand on their own feet and to walk alone. Indians have learned to say "I can," and now they must hopefully say "I will." With those two phrases learned by heart as life mottoes, and by all Indians, their success and civilization will be a certainty.—*The Indian School Journal*.

### Immigration

More than one half of earth's people seeking better lands than their own each year for residence come to the United States. This is the substance of our grave problem of immigration. Precisely speaking in 1904 there came to the United States 812,870 immigrants, and the total of immigrants for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1905, is expected to be nearly 1,000,000. This abundant immigration is a problem because it implies, notwithstanding the rigorous inspection, the introduction of a certain number of incompetent and illiterate, and because of the congestion of this horde of new-comers in commercial centers rather than their distribution among the parts of the country where their life would be wholesome, their labor in demand, and its returns adequate. Last year 82 per cent of all our immigrants remained in New York City. If these people do not raise the standard of living in this metropolis they will pull it down. It is not desirable that the congested and impoverished tenement life of New York shall be more degraded. Various conditions, American and foreign, continue to make the immigration question a difficult problem for the economist, the patriot, and the Christian. With it the professional politician should have little to do. The occupants of a life boat of a shipwrecked vessel pull in no more than will permit it to navigate. The United States with her boundless and inexhaustible. No country such as this, with our free political institutions, can remain so. The turn now to us. When we Americans find ourselves in crowding, we jokingly say, "Always room for one more," and a new member squeezes in. But be we the optimists that we may, a bottleneck under the addition of a particular extra one; and a new country somewhere in its complacent acceptance of the old world's best and worst—now becoming the worst—somewhere reaches the point of superfluity, and if that superfluity is alien in morals and scant in substance, such countries are the victim of its own humanity, or greed, and without reform must deteriorate. Let us clearly grasp the elements of the problem which President Roosevelt and others are taking so generously to heart. If a million people come to the United States in this closing fiscal year they will equal the population of any one of eighteen states. The men in this much the humble people all, will increase that class of Americans known as laborers 20 per cent in one year. The immigration of this year may prove to be nearly four times what it was 20 years ago. In 1895 the female immigrants were not far in numbers behind the men. In 1904 the males were 549,100, and the females 263,770. In the first nine months of the fiscal year nearly two-thirds of all immigrants came from Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Italy. Last year came 196,028 Italians. Of those from southern Italy 74,880 could neither read nor write, and 119,794 brought less than \$50 in money each.



## American Baptist Home Mission Society

### Editorial.

**T**HE American people are easy going and forgetful. That is one of the chief perils of the democracy. Easily aroused when some issue arises, the interest in the subject is apt to wane before needed action has been secured. Something new—that is the demand. The appetite must be whetted constantly. The Mormon question as it now stands in the United States Senate is a case in point. When Apostle Reed Smoot came to take the seat to which he had been elected, there was a great and just protest, and the resulting inquiry brought forth facts astonishing enough to warrant immediate action by the Senate, which is the judge of the fitness of its own membership. Mormonism was shown up officially in its true light. Fraud, hypocrisy, perjury, political chicanery and conspiracy, disloyalty—these became apparent in the system which holds the balance of political power in the heart of the Far West, and does not scruple to use this power for its own purposes. That an apostle of this so-called church was by his oaths rendered unfit to become a national legislator would seem to have been established beyond reasonable question. But after the exposure nothing was done. The excitement, which was for a time very intense, gradually died away. The case remains in the hands of the committee. The matter now becomes one of politics in the Senate, although it does not belong in that class at all. Smoot is neither a Republican nor a Democrat. He is a Mormon, sworn to uphold the Mormon Church in all its practices, legal and illegal. The danger is that, thinking the people have forgotten about it, the Senate will allow him to retain his seat. To avert this disgrace the women who have been so active hitherto should continue to stir up the pure minds of public men by way of remembrance, and keep up the righteous agitation against a monstrous system which is subversive alike of true religion and of patriotism and purity. The Home Mission Society will soon issue a new Mormon leaflet, and follow that with a pamphlet giving

full information on the subject of Mormonism, for those who desire full and accurate information.

**W**HAT will you do to help make this coming season the best in the history of your church? Begin with your possibilities of service and influence in your individual capacity. What more can you do this year than last to reach those who are not in the church, but who ought to be? What can you do to encourage the pastor, and aid him in his efforts to increase attendance and interest? And one very essential thing more, what can you do to enlarge the circle of missionary activities? Take the whole field of missionary effort into your prayers and sympathy and giving. See that your work is for the whole cause, in right proportions. Nothing narrows like thinking only of a small segment of the circle. Be ready to get up a missionary concert, to join a mission study class, to throw yourself into evangelistic endeavor. Be cheerful and optimistic. Talk the church up, and fill your own soul with news of the triumphs of the kingdom. Then shall you be made a positive blessing. Thank God for the noble women in the churches!

**T**HE news from the Indians has been most cheering through these last months. Summer is the time of spiritual harvesting with them. Echoes has brought to its readers the glad tidings of the glorious work among the Arapahoes, where Mrs. King has been a consecrated assistant to her dauntless husband. We continue to add items of interest. Never was the outlook for the Indian work so bright as now. The progress is steady. The missionaries are exceedingly careful in accepting candidates for baptism. In this they set an example that might be followed with profit with many pastors of white churches. They know that it is better to have a dozen really converted Indians in a church than a hundred who have simply made outward expression without inner experience. Read the further news about White Arm, who will have been baptized before this reaches the reader. Thus the pagan's progress has become Christian transformation, and the interesting chief takes his place among the disciples of Jesus.



## Concerning The Indian Work



IN his comprehensive address at the Baptist World Congress in London, Dr. Morehouse had this to say of the American Indians and our work for them:

A first and constant field of missionary effort has been the North American Indian.

In this, Roger Williams, immortal for founding a Commonwealth on a basis of religious liberty for all and special favors for none, was a pioneer, even before Eliot. Of his methods he wrote: "God was pleased to give me a painful, patient spirit to lodge with them in their filthy, smoky holes, even while I lived at Plymouth and Salem, to gain their tongue." From 1814 missionaries of the Baptist General Convention lived among them, taught them the simple industries, and won many to Christ. For a long period after 1835, work was greatly hindered by removals of tribes to the West, and by wars between the Indians themselves and between them and the whites. With the adoption about forty years ago of Grant's "Peace Policy" for the Indians, and with the almost total extinction of millions of buffaloes, more stable conditions prevailed; while the present policy of the government in educating Indian youth and in allotting tribal lands in severalty are long strides toward the civilization of the Indian, and make our work more hopeful.

There are about 4,500 members of Indian Baptist churches in the five civilized tribes, with native preachers. Several

tribes of Blanket Indians, just emerging from their old ways, have recently given remarkable illustrations of the transforming power of the gospel preached to them through interpreters and lived before them by consecrated missionaries. We are working among fifteen tribes. For many years the Home Mission Society has maintained two or three schools, both for ministerial students and for others, in order to provide better leaders for a people soon to cope with the forces of our civilization.

In his native state, the North American Indian is a savage, a pagan but not an idolator, nomadic, unlettered, taciturn, haughty, exasperated by unjust treatment from the paleface, and latterly chafing in his restricted reservations like islets in the all-compassing, surging Anglo-Saxon sea—though a difficult subject of evangelization, gives ample proof of his redeemability, encouraging us to press this work with greater vigor than ever.

## Good News From The Crow



BEFORE this number of Echoes is off the press, it is probable that our friend White Arm, chief of the Crow tribe, will have professed Christ by baptism. Since making his public confession of Christ at St. Louis, White Arm has lost no opportunity to tell about Jesus to Indians and whites. Missionary Petzoldt says the old chief is standing nobly by his profession and endeavoring the best he knows how to live a Christian life. He has anticipated his baptism with great



AN ARAPAHOE FAMILY: MOUNTAIN'S WIFE, JOIN-IN-THE-PARTY, AND THREE CHILDREN. THE PAPER ON HER BACK IS SHORT WAX. THE BOY AT ONE SIDE IS BIG NOSE. AND THE GIRL STANDING IS THIRZA MOUNTAIN, OR "CRANE WOMAN." SHE IS THE ONLY CHRISTIAN IN THE FAMILY; THE GIRL SITTING DOWN IS ETHEL HUDSON, WHO IS ALSO A CHRISTIAN.

joy. His wife, Pretty Shell, has been anxious to be baptized with her husband, but the missionary wishes to be fully assured of her conversion before she takes this step. If candidates for baptism in our white churches were put through as strict a catechism and investigation as these Indian converts are, the number of admissions to our churches would unquestionably be smaller than at present, and perhaps to the ultimate gain of the churches. The Indians are made to feel the deep solemnity of what they are doing and promising, and that the new life is a real thing that must show itself at home and everywhere. White Arm has adopted the custom of asking a blessing at meals, and does it no matter who is present. He has done what he said he would at St. Louis, gone home to try and draw all the Crows into Jesus Road with him. His influence is very great and his example has made a great impression on his people.

One of the Crow girls, who is at school in Lawrence, Kansas, has been converted and baptized. She was much impressed with the testimony which she heard White Arm give and with the talk which she had with Missionary Petsoldt. She is the first Crow Indian to unite with a white Baptist church, and when she returns home will be a great help in the mission work.

An interesting garden contest has been introduced among the Crows by Mr. Coffeen, of Sheridan, a personal friend of Mr. Petsoldt, and long a friend also of the Indians. As a move in the direction of civilization, he offered a prize of ten dollars to the person cultivating the best vegetable garden. Twenty-two families entered into the contest. The prize was won by Flat Headed Woman, who is a man, strangely enough. Yellow Tail took second prize. Next year the contest will be still keener, as the Indians see the advantage not only of the prizes but still more of the fine crop of vegetables. This is a real philanthropy. It is interesting to learn that the Crows have an Industrial Fair, in which they take much interest. Everything is encouraging for the uplifting of this tribe. Certainly it is a noble work to which Mr. and Mrs. Petsoldt have dedicated themselves. The letter from Mrs. Petsoldt, in the last number of *ECHOES*, indicated what kind of a helpmeet she is, and how her heart is in the work. The school enrollment for the coming year will reach at least 35, and will tax the capacity of the teaching force.

### The Arapahoes

BY REV. F. L. KING



SINCE our Association at Watonga last June the interest among the Arapahoes has steadily and rapidly increased. The 22 who were baptized have to a person taken hold of church work faithfully and with willing hearts.

There surely can be no other joy this side of heaven so great as to see a people moved by Gospel truth and the power of God's Spirit from heathen darkness into Gospel light. This joy has been ours during the last quarter. We had often prayed that some strong proof of His greatness might characterize the beginning work among these people so that from the very first they would see a marked difference between Christianity and heathenism. And surely God has answered our prayers in giving genuine peace and happiness in such marked degree that these Arapahoes cannot forget God's power. One great difficulty in our work has been the fact that the Indians think their religion just as good as ours. And nothing but an experimental knowledge of God's power

could change their minds. This they have had and they now see the difference. We praise God for a living Gospel as compared to the dead theories of heathenism. There were old wrinkled faces into which we have looked with almost despairing hope. These faces are now lit with the mellow light of heaven. Indians who seldom if ever came to church before now come from ten to twenty miles, leaving their homes on Saturday and travelling, camping near the church Saturday night. They are hungry for the truth.

WATONGA, OKLAHOMA.

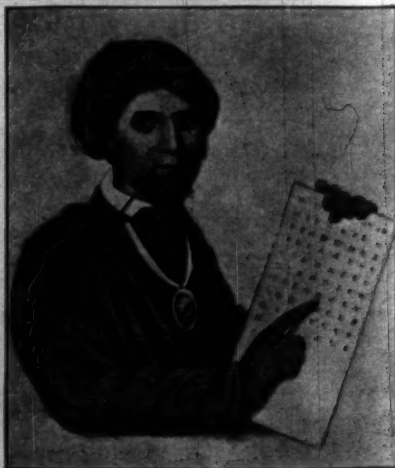
### Sequoyah, The Cherokee Genius

BY ORA V. EDDLEMAN



ITTING in the afternoon sunshine, on a fallen tree-trunk, a stolid Indian boy was watching some traders as they talked among themselves and exchanged their goods. Other Indians were standing about in groups, but to them the traders were interesting only so far as their business dealings extended; they were only traders, and often merciless at that.

But to the thoughtful Indian boy these shrewd, hardened men were something more than white traders. Every day he came to watch them and to listen to their conversations and more wonderful than all else, indeed the very thing that had



SEQUOYAH AND HIS CHEROKEE ALPHABET

first attracted the boy, their strange "conjure" talk. In fascination he would watch them as one man wrote on a sheet of paper and held it up for another to see, and, after a glance, the other would nod intelligently, as if the piece of paper were a means of conversation. It was very wonderful to the Indian boy. Heretofore this brown child of the wilderness had thought the wonders of the world were confined to the Indian race, but here these white men could talk on paper. It was too marvelous to be true; they surely used sorcery, the Indians had said. But if this were true, the boy argued, all

white men were conjurers. So the boy pondered on what he saw, and watched the traders day after day.

One day a piece of the paper used by the traders fluttered down to the ground and the boy eagerly examined it. He was disappointed; it was like all other paper he had ever seen. He looked closely at the signs or marks it contained, and after a little while he became so interested in them that his timidity left him, and he asked one of the men what they meant. Then it was explained to him how the white man could talk on paper, expressing his words by certain combinations of letters. From that day forth a great ambition grew in the Indian boy's brain, to "teach Indian to talk on paper like white man."

Sequoyah, or George Guess, as the inspired Indian boy was known among the white men of his time, was a most remarkable young fellow. He first attracted the attention of his elders by his inclination to sketch, even before he had ever seen a picture or an engraving. He could copy anything, and though his efforts were probably crude in the beginning, he became at last a skilled artist. At the age of fourteen he was an excellent silversmith, manufacturing jewelry and other ornaments from silver. He was looked upon first as a sort of freak, but finally was recognized as a genius.

When Columbus started out to find a new world he was laughed at; whenever any new idea is thrust upon the world, it is oftener frowned upon than encouraged. And so, this Indian boy, who was to earn the proud title "The Cadmus of the Cherokees," set about his enormous task amid the jeers of even his best friends, who thought him mad to attempt that which had never been dreamed of before. No Indian had ever thought of a written language, save the sign-language, if this could be termed writing. Besides all this Sequoyah was only a poor, unlearned half-breed Cherokee Indian; how could he hope to convert the great Cherokee language into a written form.

To those not familiar with the Indian languages, especially the Cherokee, young Sequoyah's task might not be appreciated. In one very important feature the Cherokee language differs from other aboriginal languages; it cannot be expressed through the medium of the English alphabet; by no possible arrangement of the English vowels and consonants can the words of the Cherokee be made intelligible. Thus it can be seen what an undertaking was Sequoyah's. It was in 1821 that the Indian lad conceived the idea of inventing a Cherokee alphabet, and in a little more than a year his self-assumed task was accomplished. The result of his months of hard labor and deep study was the invention of 86 characters, the complete Cherokee alphabet. These Sequoyah explained to the educated people of his tribe and some of the missionaries. Imagine the surprise of those who had laughed at his "crazy sign writing" when it was proved to be entirely successful. Soon afterwards the invention was adopted by the missionaries and those interested in the education and civilization of the Cherokees. The Cherokee Chief went to New York, had type cast, and very soon a Cherokee paper was published and circulated among the tribe, in order that the full-bloods who could not read English might know what their people were doing. This paper, "The Cherokee Advocate," is still being published at Tahlequah and will be supported by the Cherokee Council, as heretofore, until the closing of tribal affairs in 1906.

Sequoyah was awarded a silver medal by the General Council of the Cherokees in 1823, and in 1828 was chosen as one of delegates to Washington. For several years after 1835 he

was a member of the National Council of Western Cherokees.

The history of Sequoyah's life has not been preserved. "The Tahlequah Arrow," published February 20, 1899, said the following:

"We are also told that in Sequoyah's later life he made several trips to the great west. That in 1837 he visited the Pueblos in New Mexico, where he employed himself for a period in an attempt to collate their languages and for several months lived about 50 miles northwest of Santa Fe. Returning from one of these western journeys, Sequoyah was taken sick, and died near the great bend of the Arkansas River, a few miles from where Great Bend, Kansas, now stands. If history be correct, his death occurred in 1837 or 1838, and quoting the words of another writer, 'Thus departed from this earth one of the strongest characters and brightest geniuses the world ever saw, or any people, whether savage or civilized, ever produced.' He deserves a monument as high as Bunker Hill. His life story should be familiar to every child in the civilized world."

The Cherokee tribe of Indians, who have ever been proud to stand foremost among the Indians of America in education and all that stands for progress and advancement, can to-day claim the honor of being the only Indians with a written language of their own, independent of the use of the English letters. They owe the honor to the brown-skinned, serious Indian boy, who watched the white traders at their writing one afternoon nearly a hundred years ago.—*UNION SQUARE MAGAZINE.*

## Saints and Sinners

BY JOHN HUBERT CORNWELL



MEXICO is the land of saints par excellence; and where there are saints there are always sinners to worship them. There is not a town or village in Mexico without its favorite saint, who has special virtues recognised within a certain prescribed area. The customs in connection with the worship of many of these saints are often picturesque and interesting.

Of the hundreds of quaint shrines in Mexico one of the most interesting is that of the *Sacro-Monte*, at Amecameca. Its fame extends far beyond the boundaries of the flourishing town which contains its shrine, and its devotees come from beyond the wooded hills and rugged heights that surround the valley of Amecameca.

The shrine is situated upon a great earth-covered rock some 300 feet in height above the plain upon which lies the city of Amecameca, a characteristically Indian town of some 15,000 inhabitants. The buildings are low, one-story, red-tiled edifices, arranged along narrow, irregular streets which help to give the place that quaint appearance which characterises many of the interior towns of Mexico.

The story of the foundation of this shrine is like that of many more in Mexico, partly fact and partly legend. Before the Spanish conquest there had existed for many years upon the *Sacro-Monte* the shrine of one of the most famous Aztec gods, and legend says that even before this time there was also a shrine there to a Toltec god. This god had special power over malignant diseases, like smallpox and typhoid, which have always been bad upon the uplands of Mexico. It is interesting to note that the modern saint upon the *Sacro-Monte* has this same attribute to-day.

Shortly after the conquest a "Very Holy Man" took up his residence in a cave upon the *Sacro-Monte*. He was good to

the Indians, who soon began to look upon him with the same reverential eyes that they had looked upon their god upon the *Sacro-Monte*, which the Spaniards had destroyed but a short time before.

But though the altar set up by the Holy Man was revered by the Indians, still he mourned that he had not a suitable image of the Christ for his shrine. So great was his desire for this image, that, it is said, one was sent him direct from heaven.

Here is the story:

One day some merchants were transporting a number of images from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico for a new temple which was shortly to be opened there. When the mules bearing the images came within sight of the *Sacro-Monte* one of them broke loose from the drivers and fled to the hills.

When the mule drivers came to Mexico City and reported the loss of the mule and the image it carried, the owner was very angry and sent them away to hunt for the animal and its burden, with orders not to return until both were found.

"After many days' search the mule was found, near the present shrine of the *Sacro-Monte*, which was then a barren place. Legend says the mule had come straight through the solid mountain and that he had remained several days where he was found waiting for some one to take possession of the image he had brought to the Holy Man. The legends, however, are conflicting. One says it was the Holy Man himself who found the image and the mule; and that, when the searching party came to the mountain, they found only the mule which had been cared for by the angels. Another legend says that the searching party returned to the city and reported to the archbishop how they had found the mule in a hollow, barren place in the mountains, from which he could not get out and to which there was apparently no entrance. They had no doubt that he had been led there by the angels and fed by them for some divine purpose.

The archbishop decided to leave the image upon the *Sacro-Monte*, where it remains to this day.

The report of the miraculous way in which the image had been brought to the shrine caused visitors to come from many miles around to visit it and see for themselves. It was whispered that the image was sent direct from heaven, and as proof of this it was said that it was not made of any earthly material, as, though life-size, it weighed only about two pounds. The truth seems to be that the image was made of a very light pith.

On Ash Wednesday of each year the image of the *Sacro-Monte* is taken to the parish church of Amecameca, not far distant, where it remains until the following Friday, when it is returned to the shrine. This is the greatest celebration in Amecameca during the year, and thousands of Indians from the surrounding mountains go there with their families and friends. Many middle-class people bring their whole household, including their servants. Sick people are brought there from long distances in the hope of their being cured at the shrine of the Holy Man.

During one of these celebrations some years ago I made my way to the foot of the stone stairway that leads to the shrine upon the *Sacro-Monte*, but I was unable to ascend, for I found it literally covered with one struggling mass of human beings, all striving to reach the top and pay their adorations at the sacred shrine. Some of them were lying flat upon their faces, some were crawling, some were standing up as straight and as motionless as statues in the midst of the struggling beings making their way past them. All the hillside was

covered with garments of the Indians, hung up there that the Holy Man might bless them. Far up the steps waved the long line of smoking torches. It was one of the most weird and fantastic sights I have ever seen. The worshippers looked like strange, fantastic beings in the semi-light of the torches, for it was already dark; and the usual familiar objects assumed distorted shapes. Viewed from the foot of the hill where I stood all seemed unreal and of another world from that in which I had hitherto lived. Yet I could not help thinking that the picture fitted in well with the fantastic legend of the founding of the shrine upon the *Sacro-Monte*.

MODERN MEXICO.

## Notes From The Broad Field

A New Indian church has been organized near Anadarko, Okla., to be known as the Red Rock church. The membership is over 40, 27 of whom were dismissed from the Rainy Mountain church. During the last quarter over 70 converts were baptized in the Oklahoma Indian Association.

At Copper Center, Alaska, Rev. G. S. Clevenger, meets with much to encourage him in his work. There is a white service at the Agricultural station, which is attended by nearly all the whites in the community. The Indians take great interest in their services. On a recent hot Sunday a number came five and six miles to service. Foundations are being laid for a Christian community. Hard work but noble is being done by the missionary and his wife, who has great influence with the natives.

The missionary pastor at Kallispell, Mont., Rev. W. G. Evans, says he has worn out one horse and buggy since coming on the field, but the work is progressing. At Bay View, one of his stations, the people are raising money to build a chapel, have raised over \$200, and secured lots for chapel and parsonage.

At the last meeting of the Portales Association, in New Mexico, five new churches were admitted, and arrangements were made to place another missionary in the field for the coming year. This indicates the progress of the work.

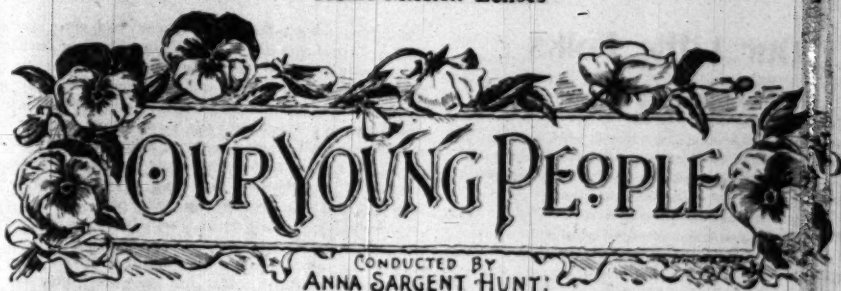
At Manchaug, Mass., a Sunday school has been started in the French church, of which Rev. N. N. Aubin is now pastor. There are 93 scholars and 5 teachers. The attendance on the church services has increased steadily until now it averages 100 at the morning service, and 75 in the evening. The members are preaching the gospel throughout the week by their lives, and the work is a surprise to the people generally.

A MAN who was converted in a meeting on the Fleetwing, the Home Mission yacht in New York, enlisted in the navy, and at once began to tell of his new joy. As a result he gathered 23 Christians together, a number of them new converts, and they hold a regular service on the U.S. warship "Hancock," now lying in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. That is the kind of outreaching work done by our new seamen's mission.

Our church at Monterey, Mexico, concerning which the last *Echoes* contained an article, has been greatly blessed by revival into the spirit of which the entire church entered. More than twenty expressed desire to join the church, and 14 were baptized on clear evidence of conversion. Rev. Alejandro Trevino, the pastor, greatly enjoyed his trip to London, where he represented the Baptists of Mexico in the World Congress.

The Catholics are alert in newly settling districts. One of our missionaries in Oklahoma, who is making diligent effort to raise money to build a house of worship, writes that a number of Catholics have come in, with the oil business, and they have built a neat brick church. There is a fund for such purposes and it is used effectively. Our Church Edifice Fund ought to be increased to a million dollars at once, to enable the Baptists to take these strategic points and secure appropriate building sites.





# OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY  
ANNA SARGENT HUNT:

## Home Life Among the Indians



RS. ALICE C. FLETCHER, who is a most excellent authority in Indian life, says:

"While among the Sioux a mother with a good sized family of boys and girls propounded to me the question whether white women did not find their daughters more trouble than their sons. She was sure she did. 'Look at those girls,' she said, 'I have their clothes to make, their hair to braid, and to see that they learn how to behave. Now my boys are no trouble.'

As I glanced at the group of children, the glossy braids of the girls falling over their single smock, and the boys naked but for the breech cloth, their miniature scalp lock ornamented with a brass sleigh bell surmounting a snarl of frowsy hair, I recognized the kinship of maternal perplexities the world over."

We also learn from Mrs. Fletcher that men may properly sit upon their heels or cross-legged, but no woman may assume these attitudes. She must sit sidewise, gathering her feet well under her, and make a broad, smooth lap. When working she may kneel or squat.

To rise without touching the ground with the hand, springing up lightly and easily to the feet, is a bit of good breeding very difficult to one not to the manner born. Careful parents are particular to train their children in these niceties of behavior. Among the Winnebagoes the little girls are drilled in the proper way of standing when under observation on dress occasions. Their position of hands and feet is also the proper one for the women in certain religious dances.

## An Indian Tepee



UR young people have often heard of the Indian tepees. Knowing them to be tents they naturally think of them as made and equipped as are the campers' tents, with which so many of us become familiar in summer and fall outings.

The following particular description will be interesting.

By an Indian tepee we mean an Indian's tent, or home. The tepees of the Kiowa, Comanche, and Apache Indians are made of canvas.

The canvas is stretched over poles set in a circle at the bottom and drawn together at the top, where they are bound by thongs of deer hide. In the ground at the center of the tepee a hole is scarped, and here is built the fire, which is kept

burning day and night. If you should ever go into an Indian tepee, the first thing you must remember to do is sit right down. If you do not, you will be sure to get your eyes full of smoke.

There won't be any chair or stool on which to sit. The beds serve as seats and they are arranged in a circle around the fire. They are almost flat on the ground, there being under them only a framework of willow poles bound together with wisps of stout grass. Grass is also heaped above the pole work, and on this the blankets are spread. The Indians sleep with their feet to the fire. Often they are seen sticking out from beneath the blankets. Other bedding consists of skins and shawls.

Some of the tepees are painted with the figures of birds and animals, but the most of them are of plain canvas made very dingy-looking by dirt and smoke.—*Ex.*

## Going Shares



GIRL, carrying a great bunch of gorgeous autumn leaves transferred to a downtown car from one just coming in from the suburbs. She had evidently been holidaying that afternoon, and was bringing back with her into the crowded, clamorous city, just a touch of the glory of the hills. Looking at her sweet, restful face, one knew she was the kind of girl who always carried back into other lives something of her pleasures and her privileges.

Said a gray-haired mother the other day, "I tell my daughter I am starting my college days over again with her."

It was a good deal of a struggle for that family to maintain the daughter during the four years that a university course would mean, but every day she was bringing home with her something of the mirth and fun, something of the thought and inspiration she found in college halls. She could do nothing to make the financial burden less in the home, but the sacrifice was lightened by her thoughtfulness in sharing the good things of her life with others.

There are some people who, unlike the girl with the autumn leaves, and the young college student, seem to absorb all the privileges of travel and culture, to listen to the best concerts, to have leisure for music and reading, and then close down upon all they have received like a steel trap.

In so doing they not only deprive others of pleasure, but they lose much of joy for themselves. It is wise to remember that nothing good is truly our own unless we divide it with another.—*East and West.*

## Our Little Folks

### The Dead Papoose

The teacher was weary, the day was done,  
And he sat by his door in the setting sun;  
But his eyes and his thoughts were wandering far  
Thro' the fields where the ponies of the Redmen are,  
When, out from the shades he sees appear  
A dusky form that was drawing near.  
With down-cast eye and measured tread,  
For he bore a burden, his child was dead.  
"Teacher," he said, "my heart is sad,  
My child is dead, the last I had.  
One, two, three have died before,  
Now Shago is gone, and my heart is sore.  
When the others died I laid them high  
On the mountain crag, where the boulders lie;  
But, teacher, you tell of a lovely place;  
Is it alone for the white man's race?  
And if my Shago should go there, say  
Will the white boys drive my boy away?  
You tell of a Jesus, and say he will come  
And take little ones to a beautiful home.  
Now if Shago should lie where white children do  
Do you think, oh, teacher, may it be.  
Are you sure that he, a poor Indian boy,  
Could enter that beautiful home of joy?  
His clothes, I know, are not like the rest,  
We have none such, but we did our best.  
A blanket, red, to wrap him in,  
And over that another skin,  
And moccasins soft, all wrought with beads.  
Say, do you think that is all he needs?  
And they will not drive away my boy from there  
For want of such clothes as the others wear?  
Well teacher, my heart is lighter, but oh!  
Can't you tell me how I may go there, too?  
And if to that beautiful place I come  
Do you think for the Redman there's any room?  
And will men with the fire-water be there, too?  
If they are, then I do not care to go.  
Come to my camp: my people are blind,  
And the Jesus' way they will never find.

You have heard this story o'er and o'er  
Say, why have you never come before?"

—L. KINNEY.

### The Navajo Children.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

I have written many letters to your mothers, aunts, big sisters, and grandmothers, but this letter is especially for the boys and girls. The Navajo boys and girls live away-off here in New Mexico and Arizona on the largest reservation in the United States. There are over 20,000 of the Navajoes and do you know, boys and girls, that but very few of them have ever heard about Jesus. Very few of the children have ever been to school, and many of them have never even seen a white person. They live in little clans very far apart. One of the largest clans we know of is Tondalena, about eight miles west of the mission. It is a small village at the foot of the mountains. There is a large canyon in the mountains, at this place, called Bear's Canyon because bears live up there.

Down this canyon flows a stream of cool, clear, sparkling water. Would you like to take a trip with us to Tondalena? We usually take our friends up there when they come to see us. Well, Mr. Wright and Albert, our interpreter, will get the horses, "Peter" and "James," ready, while Miss Cobb and I prepare a lunch, and away we shall go. Are your hats tied on securely? There is a strong wind and they may blow away. There are some dark clouds over the mountains; it may rain. First the road goes down a long arroyo on the banks of which are beds of coal. The road is full of large stones and boulders and we go bump, bump, until it gets so rough that we will get out and walk a while.

Now the road is better. We climb in and soon reach two great buttes which are yellow, but some one a long time ago called them gray so that is the origin of the name "Two Gray Hills." Just now we can see much green grass, bright blossoms on the cacti, and wild geraniums, verbenas, etc. Just over the hill there is a little structure that looks like a huge

mole hill. Many stones are piled up in heaps around it, and a fire is smouldering outside. The opening of the little building is covered with three bright robes, such as you buy in stores for lap robes. We stop a moment at this place and find it is an Indian sweat house. Stones had been heated red hot and placed in the tiny room. A little bed was made on one side with the soft fibre of cedar bark. On this the Indian lies, closes up the door securely with robes and just sweats. They usually come out of this and plunge



MAY HUTCHINSON, AN ARAPAHOE GIRL.

into a cold stream of water. Now we are among the trees, small oaks, pinons, and cedars. We reach Black Mustache's hogan but he and his family are not at home. Next we pass the Little Old Man's house. He comes rushing out to greet us, saying "Wayno hey," his way of saying "How do you do." But it is noon and we can't stay long for we are hungry. We reach the canyon, a beautiful, green, shady spot. We give the horses their dinner, and all gather ticks and make a fire to boil coffee and fry mutton. We have forgotten the coffee-pot so we will make some lemonade which is much better.

Never does food taste quite so good as on a camping trip. We usually have some Indian guests who also enjoy the dinner. Now we have had dinner we shall visit the hogans. Only a few are at home. Many are at the cornfields far down the arroyo and others are out with the flocks of sheep. Some of the houses are just little round mud structures, shaped like a mole hill, others are made of logs, and a few of adobe. Around these are little patches of ground irrigated from the mountain stream. We see some men hoeing and planting and here and there patches of alfalfa. We are now at Bear Man's house, a very good little adobe building. Near by is a

## Home Mission Echoes

little peach orchard. We go in but find no chairs, tables or beds. The mother and her children are sitting on the dirt floor. Two girls are carding a beautiful blanket which the mother has just finished. They are ready to take it to the store to sell it and buy some food. The mother has worked many days to make it and looks so tired. Dear boys and girls, the Navahoes are not lazy; they work hard. The children are almost naked, and oh, so dirty. They have just killed a sheep and the meat and entrails are hanging about the room, and they have even saved the blood in a pan, all giving the flies a good feast. One of the girls is neatly dressed and we find she has just returned from the Jewett Presbyterian boarding school where she was for some months. We talk to them a while, doctor sores, invite them to church, and then start home, for those clouds are getting blacker.

Some of the mothers have let their children go away to the various Indian government schools. The Fort Lewis government school is about 150 miles from here and the San Juan river must be crossed to get there. Today a mother was asking us to write to ask the superintendent if her children could come home for a visit. We told her that the river could not be crossed for some weeks yet. The river was never known to be so high. Farms and houses are being washed away and seven persons have been drowned. This river is fed by the melting snows on the La Plata mountains. The woman seemed very sad about her children for she has not seen them for a year. Tonight when Clara, our little girl, said her prayer, she said, "Dear Jesus, please make the water in the river low so Jim's wife can see her children." The water is a great blessing but also brings some destruction.

The little boys and girls enjoy coming to the mission. They are very quiet, timid children and very obedient to their parents. Poor little people they do have dreary lives. They begin to work at a very early age. The girls herd sheep and weave, the boys herd sheep and round up the ponies.

Now I have introduced the Navajo children to you. Sometime I shall tell you more about them. Yours lovingly,

EDITH R. WRIGHT.

### How Indian Children Live



GIVEN a reasonable chance for life, the Indian child is as happy, hopeful, ambitious and playful as is the white child born under much happier circumstances, says the *Los Angeles Times*. He is, too, quite as imitative, and, like his white cousin, he apes the ways and manners of his elders and mimics their occupations in his play.

The infant Indian possesses rather more dignity owing to the care he receives rather than to inherited sedateness. In his infancy he is strapped to a board or securely packed in an elongated basket woven for that purpose, where he can neither kick nor squirm. He cries less than his white cousins, because he early learns that it is an unprofitable occupation.

The Indian mother is very accommodating. If her infant wishes to cry, she lets him do so. She does not, like the white mother, rush to the child when he begins to howl and try to pacify him. She lets him howl till he tires of it and ceases of his own accord. It is because crying brings them attention that most children cry. The young Indian does not get the attention, so he soon cuts out crying entirely. With crying, kicking and squirming eliminated, there is really nothing left for him but to remain calm and look dignified. This is what he does as a rule.

The Indian baby's wardrobe is a very simple affair. It

generally consist of a single cloth, or skin, as the case may be, wrapped around and around the small one. It is about ten minutes' work for the red mamma to dress her child and bind it to the board or basket which serves as a crib. The boarding basket is then stood upright in a corner of the dwelling, if the work is in the house, or against a convenient bush or boulder, if the work is in the field, or, if it is in the forest, the cradle may be suspended from the bough of a tree.

The care of the child is as simple as its dress. It receives little attention outside of the giving of nourishment at stated intervals. Occasionally, once a week or once in every two or three weeks as may be most convenient, several of the Indian mothers make a little bathing party and go to the pool or stream and give the babies a bath. There are some of the little luxuries of the bath of the white baby, such as sponges, soap, soothing powders and the like. The babies once are loosened from their bonds, their wraps removed and they are laid in the shallow water of the pool or stream to kick and splash and disport to their hearts' content, while their mothers chat upon the bank near by. After a season they are removed and dried.

Are they tenderly wiped with soft, clean linen? No indeed. About the middle of each grown baby is tied a piece of cloth and they are hung by this cloth from the bough of some convenient tree, to dry in the air and sunshine, while their mothers continue their briefly interrupted gossip. Later, as human fruit is plucked from the branches, and the little ones are wrapped and cradled, when they ride upon the backs of their mothers to their rude homes.

It has been frequently remarked that Indian children all seem strong, healthy and well formed. There is reason for this in a number of tribes. It has been the practice with most Western tribes to refuse life to weakly or deformed infants born to them. In the case of albino children, which are by no means uncommon, the child is left to perish of neglect and starvation, for the Indians believe that these children are marks of displeasure on the part of the Great Spirit, and they cannot be induced to meddle with the child, either to put it out of the way by drowning or suffocation, as is their practice with deformed children, or to give it nourishment that it may have a chance to live.

When a child is old enough to begin walking, the board or basket or cradle is discarded, and the next few years of the child's life are years of freedom. He gambles about the paternal dwelling, inside and out, as do the people of which he is his companions. He is naked, usually, unless he needs protection from the cold, and he can stand much colder weather than ordinary white children.

Children of from six to sixteen years find a great deal of delight in active games and athletic sports—wrestling, racing and such games as deer and hounds, mimic battles, follow the leader, throw the spear, and hide and seek, and many other games, some of which are similar to those played by white children.

The fondest desire of the heart of the Indian parent is that the child shall be brave and self-reliant. The child is never whipped for that tends to break his spirit and make a coward of him. Nevertheless, Indian children are respectful, obedient and retiring. They keep their corner in the home, and do not mingle in the conversation of their elders.

The Indian father tells his sons stories of prowess, as they gather around the open fire in the middle of the village before the door of the dwelling for the purpose of encouraging them to bravery and reliance. The mother selects them to endure and patience under suffering. No pains are spared to inculcate in them those qualities so admired by the red man.

The education of the child is brought about principally by observation and by listening to the conversation of the elders. He learns the history and traditions of the tribe as they are related about the hearthstone of the tepee in the evening. There, too, he hears stories of the chase, of war, of prowess, and he is quick to catch the subtle points of the tale and to learn the secrets of stalking the game or ambushing the enemy. The daughter learns her mother's arts, as does the white girl, by practical attempts under the mother's supervision. The arts and occupations of both sexes are few, and the process of acquiring an education is not a long or difficult one.